

THE FLAT HAT

Vol. III.

COLLEGE OF WILLIAM AND MARY IN VIRGINIA, All Fools' Day, 1914

No. 18

PROFESSOR BUMP

The learned Professor Bump was addressing his class in Independent Research, course XI.

"Accumulated data on the subject indicate strongly that we know nothing about the subject (here the Professor drew his handkerchief across his high and shining forehead) but we shall discuss this morning the most elusive and fascinating subject pertaining to residence upon our enigmatic planet. A subject, I may state, which has proved so attractive to men of science that many have lost their lives, or expended their fortunes, in pursuit of exact knowledge upon the subject.

"Gentlemen by no means given exclusively to science, gentlemen caring little for mere knowledge in the abstract, have equipped elaborate personal research parties in the attempt to throw light upon the subject. The popular mind, indeed, has ever been vastly interested in the subject. Several millions of men yearly, ever since the time of Aristotle, have devoted nearly their entire time to enthusiastic research, and to minute examination of specimens.

"The records show that wars have been waged and spirituous liquor consumed because of the subject. Wherever men are gathered—in clubs, factories, colleges, dressmaking and millinery establishments, theatres, shipwrecks, courts of law, or hen-yards, they do and will discuss the subject. The entire absence of exact or conclusive data upon the subject may, then, be attributed to the nature of the subject in so rather than to any lack of effort upon the part of the earnest individuals and eminent scientists who so nobly though fruitlessly have sought to establish tenable theories or to discern cause, effect, hocus-pocus, flub-dub, immutability, embryonic spergalia or the ptformiferous so generally esteemed in scientific, ultra-scientific and pseudo-scientific circles.

"The subject, we may say, has baffled the most superb mentalities of all ages, including our own."

Professor Bump, whose voice had been growing more and more emotional as he launched into his subject, was unable to continue. A tear drop like a jewel slid down his classic face.

Several members of the class were deeply affected, and a sob or two broke the tense stillness.

Herbert Percival Bean, '16, of Rahway, N. J., raised his hand.

PHI BETA KAPPA

Phi Beta Kappa, dear reader and readeress, isn't the name of a breakfast food, as you have written to ask. Neither is it related to that ancient Sanskrit game of HYDROPHOBIA. Nobody ever heard of a Phi Bet. Kap. being afraid of water. It's the only thing they have at that remarkable feast of the reason, or banquet of the sole, or some such mess.

This peculiar Greek appendage is a master key, made by a goldsmith and consigned in every other place but William and Mary, who gave birth to it. (Mary, not Will, of course) to undergraduates who have committed some particular crime.

At W. & M., however, a man has to wait till he has been graduated and committed burglary in its more advanced stages before he is allowed to drink water and feast his sole and heel. Thus is observed the rare scene of Thomas Nelson Page, or J. Fox, Jr., or others, being invited to accumulate honor by joining an association already indulged in everywhere else by hungry faced students with frayed collars and a wisdom equalled only by the intellectual gyrations of a Spanish onion.

Here they read about his achievement as Principal of the Dingbat high school, tell him he's elected, give him his Filet of Sole, and grab his five bones for a twenty-cent key, all in the space of six minutes. The key is a skeleton key, showing that he has broken in.

The most remarkable thing about the Mother Boobs is that they once conferred an L. L. D. on a corset manufacturer for giving them a new library, and then, in spite of all his scholarly attainments, (think of the poem in a corset's outline!)—neglected to initiate him into Phi Beta Kappa.

"Mr. Bean," said the Professor. "Er— Er— Professor— Er— was Socrates' wife a widow?"

"Not until after the hemlock episode, Mr. Bean."

Up spoke Reginald Ripp, '15, of New York City: "Professor, I beg your indulgence, but— er— what is the subject of discussion?"

Professor Bump gave his class a swift, hunted, startled, reckless look. "THE LADIES," he said, drawing in his breath sharply.

There was a hush, followed by uproarious applause, which almost immediately assumed the proportions of a riot.

THE MILLENIUM

Scene—Dr. Calhoun's lecture room. —The melodious tones of the College bell are heard summoning a few belated stragglers to class. The bell ceases: deathlike silence pervades the atmosphere of the room. Dr. Calhoun paces anxiously back and forth across the rostrum. The seconds slip by—one, two, three, whilst the gloomy silence deepens, likewise thickens and congeals. Breathless suspense hangs suspended in the air. Tempus fugit, four seconds, five, six; each second seems an age. Dr. Calhoun continues to pace apace. The above-mentioned intense silence intensifies. Seven seconds, seven and one-half. The door creaks! It opens partially. A bold senior enters stealthily with the air of a mangy yaller dog seeking a corner to die in. The class gapes. Bold senior sneaks to his seat. Dr. Calhoun frowns contemptuously, but remains SILENT!!! Entire class expires from shock.

APRIL FOOLERIES

"Hot" water baths.
The Publicity Committee.
W. T. Brown.
Political Science II.
The College Catalog.
Anglo-Saxon.
Latin without a Pesagus.
Virginia hospitality.
Gus Malbert.
The Literary Societies.
Richmond College.
Course in "Art Appreciation."
Faculty meetings.
The Board of Visitors.
The Gordon-Hope Club.
The Athletic Council.
The power plant.
W. M. alumni.
Degree requirements.
Whirley.

CEPHALICS

Friends, there are many kinds of cephalics, for cephalic means head, and no two people have exactly the same caput. We find hydrocephalic, microcephalic, macrocephalic, but the worst of all is "megacephalic," which is the B. N. A. name for "swelled head." The disease is prevalent here especially among the freshman class owing to the fact that the famous "doctor," hazing has been dead for a year. Unless a new physician can be secured, the epidemic will run rampant and destroy the continuity of nature. "Natura non saltus facit."

IN FACULTATE

Dr. Tyler opened the door and peered in. Seated in various attitudes, scattered round the room, were the dozen members of the Faculty present.

"Un-nh! What y'all doin' up here?"

"Faculty meeting, doctor," reminded Prof. Ferguson.

"Forgot all about it," answered Doctor Tyler, absent mindedly. "Come to order, boys; come to order."

The venerable Dean arose, and contorted his eyes around the room: "Where is Gurley? Bridges, send for Gurley."

While Prof. Bridges was searching for Henry, Dr. Tyler opened the meeting: "What y' all think of the Board meeting?"

Dr. Stubbs arose: "Gentlemen, in my humble judgment we need a chapel here much worse than this new dining hall. I propose that we ask the Board to change their appropriation accordingly."

"Aw, now go off, Stubbs, that's not the way to do," broke in Dr. Ritchie. "We've got to give the boys a place to eat in. Read my new Hygiene, and see how important it is to eat under pleasant conditions."

Dr. Hall rushed to the defense of Dr. Stubbs. "Yeh, yeh, gentlemen, by all means let us have a new chapel. Why, just last Tuesday morning it was so full that a great many of the students failed to get in. Yeh, yeh, gentlemen."

The vote was taken and showed Doctors Stubbs and Hall in a minority.

Thereupon, Dr. Tyler, adjusting and readjusting his glasses, which occasionally tumbled from his nose, took a paper from his vest pocket.

"Got a paper here from some boys down over book store," and reading on, "says dancing school would keep 'em awake" (looking up over his glasses), "let 'em stay awake and study." Reading on, "Says they couldn't study! Un-nh! How's that, boys?"

Dr. Hall arose, and having batted his eyes for several minutes, and plowed a field of wrinkles on his face, he let loose: "Dancing school! Down with it! Let that abominable turkey trot and tanglefoot tango be taught at the venerable gates of this College? My golly whack, gentlemen, never! never!"

(Continued on page 4)

THE FLAT HAT

Stabilitas et Fides

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TUESDAY, ALL FOOLS' DAY, 1914

"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS"

Take the little end of nothing, whittle down to a fine point, then divide into an infinite number of parts. The result will approximate in minuteness the amount of interest and sympathy with student affairs manifested by some of our professors. Witness the following incident:

A sophomore, at the opening of the current term, signed up for a certain course, and reported on the first day for the organization of the class. The professor giving this course approached the above-mentioned sophomore, pleasantly inquired whether he was a new man entering for the second term, and if so, what might be his name! The student in question was none other than one of the most prominent men on the Campus—prominently connected with two student publications, one of our athletic teams and one of our musical organizations! Shades of Moses in the bullrushes, what next!?

"Perhaps one of the greatest assets a college student takes from college is the inspiration resulting from contact with and the influence of some great teacher—a teacher not only able in his own line or department but of unusual ability in that still greater aspect of a truly great teacher, sympathies and interest so afire with the human element that he reaches out with an influence for good that impresses itself indelibly upon the life of every student who comes within his sphere of influence.

"President Garfield's definition, or rather illustration, of an ideal university is perhaps now trite; but it is so homely and so truly illustrative that it still bears repetition: 'A log with Mark Hopkins on one end and a student on the other.'"

A few "Mark Hopkinses" if you please.

THIS IS IN EARNEST

Fairy at the Institute, half a block away,
Cease a moment your endeavors, bark unto my lay.
Why at 6 A. M. each week-day, when I slumber deep,
Do you torture that piano, and disturb my sleep?
What though charming is your music, sweet your notes and pearly
Think you not that six o'clock is a trifle early?
Better far to do some housework, iron, sew or cook,
Study Latin, clean your room up, haply, read a book,
Lady, I would love my neighbor, if you'd only treat me right,
And not tickle that piano in the middle of the night
If you heed not this petition scribbled here on Peacock Hill,
If shall have to tell the Sergeant, honestly I will.

Sweeney.

THE COLLEGE PRIMER

"Father, what is a college?"

"A college, my child is a group of buildings where professors lecture."

"But why do the professors lecture there?"

"For various reasons, Perceval, some because they are interested in educating young men, and some because they must pay the grocer's bills."

"Educating young men? What is that, daddy?"

"Teaching them how to live properly and to enjoy life."

"But don't they enjoy life, anyway?"

"Not while they are at college, son, but they may if they ever get out."

"But when do they get out?"

"Well, that depends. Some are asked to get out, some make their way out by Degrees, and some, like Womack, are so well liked that they are made to stay ten years or more."

"Degrees? What is that?"

"A degree, my boy, is a piece of a sheep's hide written in Latin that nobody can read."

"What is Latin?"

"Latin is a dry, powdery substance left over by Virgil and Horace to frighten bad boys. It is found in ponies."

"Well what is a pony?"

"A pony, my dear child, is an animal that lives in the dark and is never allowed to see daylight."

"But doesn't that hurt the pony?"

"O no, it only hurts the professor."

"Yes, I see, well, who owns the College?"

"The Prex"

"Who is that?"

"The Prex is a gentleman who teaches economics, political science, history and international law."

"What are all those things?"

"They are all the same thing, my boy, they deal with early Virginia."

"Who is Virginia?"

"Virginia is the place where hospitality was invented."

"Do they have hospitality anywhere else?"

"No, you foolish little child, no one knows what hospitality is, except Virginians."

"What are Virginians?"

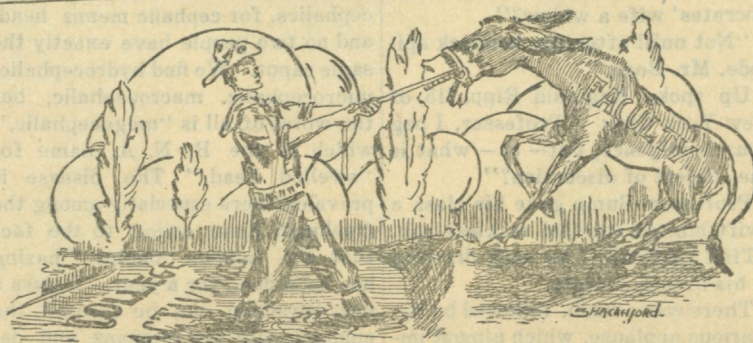
"They are a kind of people; you see, there are two kinds, Virginians and Barbarians."

"Yes, I see daddy, but why can't we all be Virginians?"

"Not everybody wants to, dear."

"Well, dad, do the boys live at the college?"

"Yes, in the dormitory, those who can stand it."



"—BUT YOU CAN'T MAKE HIM DRINK."

G' EST A DIRE—

Certainly it is of a strangeness, this "system of honor!" That one who gazes upon the papers of another in examination he is despised of all the world: that one who "shags" the exercise, or allows to rest open the book at lecture, or yet takes from the library the reading parallel, he it is who is applaud of all. It is to laugh!

In that so beautiful country of my heart, between the gentlemen one does not applaud with regard to his feet, nor does one hiss the antagonist who has misfortune in contest.

It is great pity, is it not, that those ones in high places should make exhibition of the prejudices the most ridiculous? Thus it is we have lack to ourselves of esprit de corps—what you call "team work."

One is moved to suggest that certain individuals cease to be of a such great complaisance. In France we say: "He only is arisocrat who has forgotten it."

Le Frappeur is frappeur only that he may drive nails in the erection of one edifice more to be admired. As your great Empereur Georges Washington once remarked, "every knock may be one boost." F. C. F.

THINGS WE HAVE ET

Mary had a little lamb,
It strayed into the Ewell;
Brown said he didn't give a damb,
And ground him up for gruel.
And next day came a little pig—
He made a wholesome meal;
We ate his eyes and tongue and wig—
We almost ate his squeal!
Some day Prex will miss his dorg
And not know where to find him;
His bones will lie in Ewell's morgue;
As SOUP we will not mind him.
The things we mortals have to eat
At fourteen dollars per!
We're almost sure they are not meat;
We know not what they WERE!
Then here's to the student dining hall
And here's to the steward of it:
When Gabriel sounds his final call
His fate no one will covet.

WHO'S WHO

Our long-distance singer, one Foucester,
Once courted a girl up in Gloucester;
When she asked, "Do you sing?"
He replied: "Everything."
The he tried—and that's why he loucester.
Our long-winded duck E. S. R.
Is the freshest we've seen yet by far;
From this troublesome pest
We will only have rest
When we clothe him in feathers
and tar.
Our chiefest of freaks is O'Niell;
Of sense he has not a great deal;
He thinks he is funny,
And spends lots of money
To buy slimy snakes a square meal.
It would neither be safe nor sane
To tell the world from whose brain
These verses have come;
So we're blind, deaf and dumb
If ever they're mentioned again.

MY BLUE EYED GIRLIE NELLIE

I wooed her and I won her fast,
My blue eyed girlie Nellie;
I claimed her for my own at last,
Despite that fellow Kelly.
I paid the priest his wedding fee,
He bound me fast to Nellie;
How could I know he'd done the same
For handsome Harry Kelly?
She must have wed the county
through,
Her SECRET weddings really,
They got the fees and then they flew,
The girl and FATHER Fealy.
I would I had the heathens here,
And I my stout shillaly,
I'd fill the Orangeman with fear,
And thed I'd steal his Nellie.

—Earl B. Thomas.

OLD MANUSCRIPT

Extract from the diarie of Capt. Roger Whitley, one tyme master of ye goode Shippe "Mazuma," belonging to His Worshipful Majestye George I. of England. Wryten while cruysyng about ye Colony's waters.

March 18, 1695. After ye sump-tious Breakfast of Boston Beans and Broun Bread myself and others of my Party, did set out to sail uppe ye James River. Soon we came unto a lyttle place yclept Yorktown. From thence, havynge a minde toe enjoy sum Huntynge, we did trav-elle inland until we came to ye little town of Williamsburg and here did see the strayngest bird that ever mortal man hath seen. The Shape of hymne was like untoe a Man and yet he was notte soe. He hadde four legges and walkynge upon two of them, he Flapped ye others in front of him. His crye was like unto that of ye lyttle Childe. Yea, verily, it had ye plaintive Knowte! Upon enquiryng as to ye habitat and achshuns of thys straynge bird, we were told that itt lived on Mel-lins Food and mayde ye toothsome Meal—because ye Bird was invari-able Fresh! We captured one, up-onne whose back was inscribed ye Straynge devyse "E. S. R." Thys was ye Freshest bird of All—God wot! We tooke itt back toe ye shippe with us and there, uponne examina-tion, we founde that itte hadde noe Backbone, butte was chiefly mayde uppe of ye Goose flesh! As we were about to classifye itte, uppe came Master Billups our Cooke, and quoth he, "What have ye heere, good Masters? By my troth—if ye have not captured a marvellous Bird." Noe, gentle Reader, it was notte ye dynosaurus of ancient tyme nor yet was itt ye dodo-byrd com-mon toe these partes. It was ye Williamsburg Duck—a byrde which flys about ye olde College Towne every Fall of ye Year.

Verilye we hadde taken lottes and lottes of Trouble for nothyng—for ye Duck of thys Species is notte worth ye Tinker's Dam. In truth, hys market Value is as thatte of ye lead Penny. Soe we fedde hym toe ye James River Fishes. We will hunt noe more in Williamsburg.

Later—Jonas, our bos'ns mate, reports thatte even ye fishes wille notte touch itte. R. H. G.

THE WILLIAM AND MARY ZOO

Witchley, Percy Lewis.—"Born to Pluto and Prosperina, on Black Friday, a 50 lb. infant infernal. The brat was baptised three days later in the Styx and christened Percy." This announce-ment appeared in the birth column of the Hellfire Weekly, edited by Beelzebub, some years ago. But there's nothing Percyish about this fresh roasted imp of Gehenna; he excels the diabolarch him-self. He came down here from some devils' den in New York (Camden, I believe, cam signifying, I suppose, a propensity for jolting the feelings of others) well recommended by Annanias and Gyp the Blood, managers of the Brimstone Lyceum. Ever since then the decrees of Tophet have proceeded from meetings of the Athletic Association, the Philomathean Hall or wheresoever this damnable, bristling, Janusfaced, bladder of perdition might be. He has a hell-bender of an ambition to be a doctor of physic. Since such highbinders are confirmed atheists, this is natural.

Harris, Wm. Bull-Durham.—This is a creature consisting only of a head and mouth, the latter being much larger than the former and having vastly more in it. It is closely related to the jackass and laughing hyena, and seems, in fact, to be more especially a cross between the two, with the characteristics of a Halifax rattle snake superimposed. Whatsoever the subject be, this hideous hybrid opens wide its mouth and pours out clouds of disagreeable, foul-smelling opinions which envelop and suffocate even the most innocent bystanders. William and Mary is severely criticized the world over for harboring such a monstrous and repulsive gas belch-er within her walls, but she needs the thing to do little jobs below her dignity and to prepare a few hunks of punk on James Barron Hope. Dr. D. W. Pedals, calls him Perfect.

Wells, Edward Brent.—Born tired and raised on a bottle of rose water. He spent his boyhood in the laps of love-sick maidens until he entered college. Now he is the Lord High Master of the Lovesick Club. Such a pained milksop as he was never tolerated. Nobody will board where he does, because the look of him turns milk sour, butter rancid and renders whisky non alcoholic. No hoe down is complete without this exasperating chowderhead. Notwithstanding all these graces, the female compounds of the city court him for his gum-sucking capabilities. His sole remaining ability is to escape from the chemistry Garrett.

Tyler, John.—Its bad enough for a man to buy some old iron and a choice assortment of junk, and call it an automobile, as John Tyler did, but it's worse when a man speeds down hill at high speed and tries to make the aforsaid junk swim in the entire water supply of Newport News, as our bunk prof. of math. also did. Usually the only thing a professor of math. can do, outside of misinstructing his students in the devious ways of the vagrant x and the wayward y is to run a sewing machine and hemstitch his own nightie, and it sure does grate on our tender sensibilities to see the lineal descendent of an imperial ruler cherishing pretensions to a chauffeur's job. We all know he rode over Europe on a bicy-cle, he'd have told us if we had known nothing about it, anyhow, and we knew he expected to go to Heaven on a kite of his own construction, though he has a better chance of going to South Gehenna Junction but we fail to see where he gets a license to break every speed law in this burg up to three miles, and keep his family from starving by picking off stray chickens that happen in his line of endeavor. Sometime there's going to be a loud smell of crepe in the neighborhood of the Tyler family, and Son John is going up in smoke, feet and all, consumed in the gasoline of his Ford, Jr.

CLOSED!

The following conversation was heard on the campus this week:

Visitor: "Could you show me the Library?"

Student: "O, yes. It's that building over yonder."

V: "Is it open?"

S: "No! Occasionally we get a peep in it."

V: "When?"

S: "A short time in the morning, shorter in the evening and still shorter at night. You see the object of opening in the evening is to ascertain if there is a "Battle of the Books" taking place; at night a brief inspection to secure the safety of the precious struc-ture."

V: "Apparently, what's wrong?"

S: "In my opinion the Library does not attain its full useful-ness because it is not keep open long enough in the evening and at night. We should have another assistant Librarian."

V: "I thank you very kindly, my friend."

OVERHEARD

Noticing a commotion on the Campus last night the Flat Hat's Yellow Sheet reporter sneaked under Prex Tyler's office window and overheard the following conversa-tion. The first part of it is lost to posterity, the said reporter having arrived late on the scene. The fol-lowing is an authentic reproduction of the tail-end of what must have been an interesting discussion:

"Yes, you are right," he agreed, "I don't get much to eat at my own board house, but all the same, you must stop this undercurrent of gos-sip. This is the first time my house ever was a school for scandal!"—here the F. H. Y. S. reporter could scarcely refrain from laughing—"and it grates uncomfortably. In-deed it reminds me of the first school for the colonies, founded at Henrico in 1660 by a cousin of the Lord of Baltimore."

"Is that so?" interposed Dean Hall, "why I believe my Aunt Sal-lie's fourth cousin was a great friend of the Baltimores. Ancestry is a wondrous thing. In the Anglo-Sax. period I have traced many sim-ilar affairs. I didn't know we were related before. My father's uncle was three hundred in line from Al-fred the Great."

"Stranger things have happened," said Prex. "Referring to the sub-ject we first talked over, that Hen-rico school was a wonder, sir. Used to be a real brain factory until the massacre. How times fly!"

"Henrico must have been founded by Henricus, the chauffeur for Cash-mere Sock, the second after Ethel-bert, the Saxon," replied Dean Hall, showing clearly his remarkable con-centration of mind when he warmed to a serious discussion. "His con-nection with the phrase 'tha whom' is the most important discovery since the invention of the double negative by Ethel Jones. There has been little progress since then. Well, I must be going home. I always en-joy these genealogical talks, Doc-tor."

"Sodo I," answered Prex. "Come around some time, Dean, and we'll talk it over again. Cashmere Sock was my favorite hero when I was a boy. I wrote a piece about his Vir-ginia cousins for this century's 'Quarterly.' Good night."

Says our live-wire Business Man-ager: "Let's run this to show that it pays to advertise."

HILLSVILLE HIGH SCHOOL

I. J. Stanley, Principal.

Hillsville, Va.

March 22, 1914.

Dear Frey:

Enclosed you will find twenty cents in stamps for which send me two copies of the Yellow Flat Hat. One of them is for a friend of mine here.

Hope that things are going nicely for you. Suppose that you are curling things as you go along. Twist Dr. Hall once for me when you have a chance.

I am Give my best regards to all the boys.

Very truly yours,

I. J. Stanley

Business of running it to show that it P. to A.

IN FACULTATE

(Continued from page 1)

Dr. Tyler dropped his glasses. "Un-nh, Hall, don't get excited! Is that what it says! I didn't know they were talking 'bout dancing!"

Prof. Koontz then meekly intervened. "Gentlemen, this new dancing is beautiful and graceful, and if you will allow me, I will demonstrate this to you personally."

Prof. Clark then rose.

"Gentlemen, it grieves me, but I must ask you to consider my resignation. I, just by accident, purely by accident, gentlemen, saw a Horace Pony (a thrill of indignant surprise, shock and horror went over the room) advertised as lost, on the Bulletin Board. Gentlemen, unless my students can read Latin without a Pony, I am bound to consider myself a failure."

The conscientious doctor was about to shed tears, when Dr. Ritchie spoke: "Awh, go off, Clark! I wish I had a dollar for every mile you've ridden on a Latin Pony. Come on, don't take yourself so serious."

After much ado, Dr. Clark was finally persuaded that he was mistaken and that it was one of the Faculty's Ponies advertised—not a student's.

Mr. Bridges then read a letter from a student, claiming \$5.00 for bringing "Duc" Robinson to the Academy. "Deduct that man's whole contingent fee and call it square," advised Prof. Ferguson, which was done.

Dr. Crawford informed them that the boys were not singing at Chapel, and Dr. Hall and Prof. Snow were appointed a committee to look into this matter.

Dr. Wilson, in presenting the case of some "ducs" who had been hazed remarked, "In short, gentlemen, if you will permit me to lapse into the vernacular, so to speak; they both literally and metaphorically got it in the neck."

Dr. Ritchie nudged Prof. Ferguson: "What in the world does he mean?"

"Oh," said he, "that's the way he says they got hit in the neck with snowballs." And Ritchie smiled.

Motion to adjourn.

DR. RITCHIE'S EVOLUTION

A cannibal kills a learned scientist. The cannibal, let us suppose, then falling victim to a bear.

The bear is killed by a boa constrictor.

The snake falls victim to a weasel that he has swallowed alive.

The weasel, after emerging from the boa constrictor like a sharp-fanged Jonah slashing his way out of the whale, is stung to death by a scorpion.

The scorpion then succumbs to the endeavors of the militant yellow fever germ.

The germ thrives and multiplies. The survival of the fittest.

TANGO IN TOWN

Tangoes in Williamsburg! Can this be true?
Have all the old pedagogs joined in it, too?
The Prex is down town at a real Tango Tea,
Son John dances daily from eight until three,
Prof. Ritchie's out Trotting, away from his work,
Doc Hall's learned the one step and thinks he's a Turk;—
Hesitation and Maxixe, at both he's a bear:
Bennett's given up Ed VI, if there's dancing, he's there.
Mirabile dictu what ails that strange man?—
Old Pap, as I live, with his pumps in his hand!
He lectures to-day on the Tango in Hist.
He's getting so reckless he'll soon play bridge whist.
Last but not least, George Oscar is filled
With a sinuous rhythm that for once keeps him still,

There's the lecture bell now; out wildly they push
With a heltery, skelter, scrambled egg rush;
Down town they are speeding,
Their students unheeding,
To learn the new steps taught by Alice de Slush.
The unheard-of is heard,
Old Garrett—gay bird—
Yells,—"I'm d—mned if John Hall
Learns that new Tango first
For the German Club Ball."

There's a pall of disaster hanging around
Since the Argentine Tango came into town.

John Tyler has been reported missing. He was last seen going off at a tangent, which is a bad sine for a man who is usually on the square.

Duc Robinson was taken violently ill last week from eating oysters. At last we have discovered an oyster willing to do its duty.

Some recent publications by the Faculty are—

"How to Get Home in the Dark"—by Dr. Draper.

"My Secret of Beauty"—by A. R. Koontz.

"Why Girls Leave Home"—by G. O. Ferguson.

"The Use and Abuse of Ponies"—by W. P. Clark.

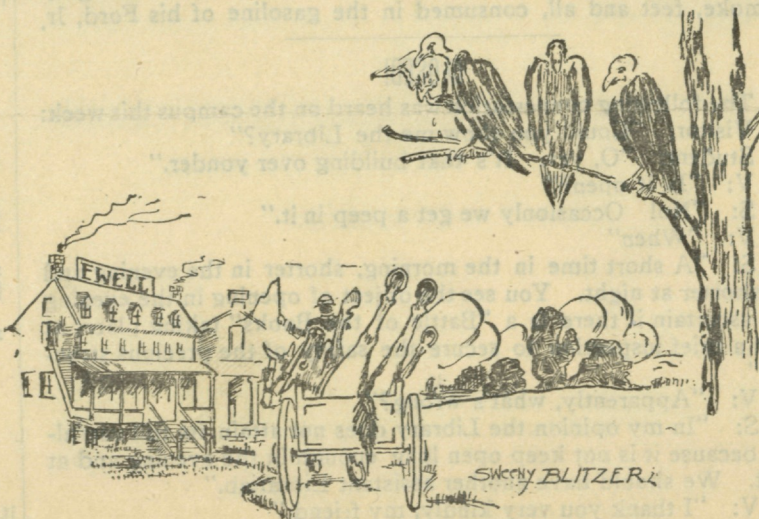
PLAIN TALK BY SIMPLE SMITH

I don't know how to Tango, or to do the Castle Walk,
I couldn't tell the Maxixe from a piece of Dover chalk,
I couldn't do the one-step, nor the two step,—twice as hard,—
When it comes to Hesitation I'll admit I never starred,
I'm just a plain and simple guy
That calls a spade a shovel,
And when I wants to hug a girl—
I does it on the level.

E. B. T.

GONE

Where, O where, is my bonnie Dr. Draper?
He's off with the ball-team, cutting funny capers.



WHEN THE BUZZARDS HOMEWARD FLY

THE IMMODEST WEEKLY

Reader, if you have any modesty prepare to shed it now, for we have decided in a most gentle, mathematical, Hamified and determined way to shed all modesty, propriety, good form, manners and all other things held dear by Holler, Cutie Goodwin and other angels. Immodesty has suffered too long the tyranny and oppression of preachers, professors, old maids and narrow-minded editors and we believe justice is due to all, and demand that Immodesty be freed of the shackles that bind her. Therefore, kindly sirs, be not shocked at our untoward boldness, nor be excited to fury by some improper word, but laugh and grow fat at the departure from convention. And you, too, gentle and bewitching maids, be not scandalized, nor let your rosy cheeks become mantled with a blush at our impropriety, but save your pretty blushes for the time when Amos Koontz has imprinted a kiss upon your carmine lips or when Georgie Ferguson has laid his psychological arms about thy pretty shoulders and whispered ethical doctrines in thy ear, or when Fritz Goodwin shall hold thy hand coyly and swear everlasting fidelity to thy sweet self! Fly, Modesty to those dark shadows of obscurity! Come, Immodesty, let's be merry and let who will be shocked!

LITTLE RUMORS

It is reported that Womack is advocating draping all chairs and tables at the College so as to hide their bare legs.

We hear that Prof. Crawford is also advocating reform dress for women. "Don't forget to dress your daughters in pantaloons," he says.

It is reported on good authority that Prof. Clark is going to give an exhibition at the College Chapel "How to Dance the Kitchen Sink."

It is reported about the girls will attend the next dance in their robes de nuit. We would venture to suggest to them that bloomers with lace trimmings would be more becoming and offer less obstruction in dancing the tango.

We hear that Professor Hall will not carry a tub to the next fire.

It is said that all girls will hereafter be vaccinated upon their arms.

A FEW 'WANTED TO KNOW?'

Witchley would like to know why he does not get love letters out of town. Can anyone tell him?

Henry Billups would like to know who sent that last consignment of liquors to him, as he would like to express his thanks.

Wanted to know, what a tango table is.

Charlie Snow wants to know how to dance the one-step without being embarrassed.

LITTLE POETIC GEM

Koontz loves to spend an idle hour
With pretty lady friends;
But all the "dames" are getting sore
'Cause that is all he spends.